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### The Other Sheep Volume 41 Number 08

Remiss Rehfeldt (Editor)  
*Church of the Nazarene*

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LIBRARY  
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SARASOTA, FL  
AUGUST, 1954

# Other<sup>The</sup> Sheep



Missionary Voice of the Church of the Nazarene



# *A Symbol of Progress*

*By Rev. Honorato Reza \**

**T**UXTLA GUTIERREZ, a city with a population of twenty-nine thousand, is the state capital of Chiapas in Mexico. In 1903, our Nazarene missionaries arrived in this state to spread God's wonderful message to a spiritually needy people.

Tuxtla Gutierrez is a beautiful city with several paved streets, hotels, well-designed buildings, and an excellent airport. State government offices are also located here. In the center of the main square, a tourist can see in relief the topography of the whole state in miniature. Mountains, rivers, valleys, and towns all blend together beautifully as on an artist's masterpiece.

In 1947 we had the privilege of speaking in a recently organized mission in this city. Since our District Assembly was to be held in Arriaga, a town about seventy-five miles to the northwest of Tuxtla Gutierrez, we stayed in the latter only overnight. We would not want to have missed the opportunity of speaking to the crowd that gathered together upon the invitation of the pastor, Abraham Gonzalez. The church auditorium occupied one corner of the lot and had doors leading to an inner corridor and patio. We could readily see that our pastor was firmly building up the souls of men. We spent a wonderful evening there

\*Head of our Spanish Department.

Today a fine church building stands on that same lot for the benefit of sin-darkened souls in Tuxtla Gutierrez and for the edification of our Nazarene brethren in that city. Rev. Lauro Sol, who acts as district treasurer and also as pastor of the church, is now spreading the gospel throughout vast regions of that rich, mountainous state.

A few years ago Ricardo Chacon (standing to the left in the picture) felt called to preach and was sent to the Nazarene Bible Institute in San Antonio, Texas, to prepare himself for his task. After his graduation, he asked to be sent back to Tuxtla Gutierrez to preach the gospel.

When Lauro Sol was asked to organize Bible classes for worthy students who could not go to San Antonio, Texas, he asked Ricardo Chacon to take charge of the correspondence course. At the 1953 assembly, he reported thirty students enrolled and a good number of prospective students for the following year.

The picture, taken during District Superintendent Sol's visit to the school, shows the boarding students together with other members of the teaching staff. On week ends these students take charge of mission work in outlying areas.

Therefore, this picture is the symbol of progress under Nazarene leadership in this fine state capital.

**Bible Training School in Mexico. Photo by David Sol.**



OTHER SHEEP I HAVE, WHICH ARE NOT OF THIS FOLD: THEM ALSO I MUST BRING" (John 10:16)

Volume 41

August, 1954

Number 8

## *Mexican Border Assemblies*

THESE annual gatherings were held in April. At the invitation of Dr. Benner, who was scheduled for a trip to Great Britain, Italy, and the Cape Verde Islands, I journeyed to San Antonio, Texas, and on to Pasadena, California, during the last half of April.

Rev. Everette Howard, superintendent of the Texas-Mexican District, and Rev. Ira L. True, superintendent of the Southwest Mexican District, are to be commended for the spiritual progress, material gains, and personnel additions which have been realized on their districts.

Visitors attending these assemblies were amazed to find such excellent workers and to see the orderly and efficient way in which the Mexican pastors and their people conducted the business proceedings. One such visitor said: "I had no idea that we had such a well-organized and flourishing district in our area."

The night services and assembly sessions were conducted in Spanish. Many of the Mexican people understand English, but it was thought best to interpret into Spanish to be certain that all who were present would grasp the true meaning of the messages and the various assembly actions, for there are some from "the valley" and some from "across the border" who do not understand English. These areas are true "foreign fields" within our immediate reach.

The Texas-Mexican Assembly in San Antonio was a real "break through" in every sense of the word. God came upon our hearts in tides of blessing. Workers were moved upon by the Holy Spirit to pledge themselves in obligation to God for an all-out effort to win souls. It appears to me that these people are on the verge of a genuine revival.

When the camp committee reported and the motion was made and seconded to adopt the report, which included the recommendation to purchase the old Waco Camp ground, \$1,800.00 was underwritten before the vote could be taken. There was a spirit of faith and optimism which was inspiring.

It was a real surprise in Pasadena to find that the Southwest Mexican District had given 10 per cent of its total income of \$44,000.00 for world evangelism, through the channels of N.F.M.S. and missionary offerings. What an example for the "home" church! This proves beyond all argument that every "Anglo" district should reach that minimum goal without delay.

Six new missions were opened during the year on this district. Their thirty-eight churches in the southwest part of the United States and the northwest area of Mexico showed a net gain of 145 members, bringing the total membership to 1,412.

A portion of Brother True's report was this: "Brethren, we are living in times that have no equal. The news of the day is frightening. They tell us of bombs that can destroy entire continents. In view of this, what is important? It is certain that it cannot be the things of the world. Positions, fame, work, conveniences, and riches are passing things. That which we possess today will have disappeared tomorrow. There are many who are dedicating their lives to the seeking of that which may be destroyed in a minute. The only thing that is lasting is the kingdom of God. Salvation will last when there is no world. The soul is of value. It is eternal. We ought to dedicate our lives to the kingdom of God, cost what it may."

With this challenge, there was also a strong appeal; for Brother True went on: "There are many new places that we want to enter with the gospel. But without funds for this advance, what will we do? The solution is self-support. We must have revivals and get more members. The pastors will have to preach on stewardship with much insistence. We have churches of great age who as yet do not approach self-support. It is easier for them to ask help from the board. Brethren, we will have to take this matter seriously or paralyze the march of the district."

The response of the pastors and delegates on both districts was inspiring.

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## An Alabaster Thank You

Esithathaweni Nazarene  
Stegi, Swaziland  
South Africa

We thank you very much indeed for the nice house which has been built here by the money that came from the Alabaster Boxes. For several years we have been in this great need.

Thanks to the treasurer and to the church overseas. We promise to take a share by putting something in our Alabaster boxes, too. (That church has taken about twelve boxes.—Ed.)

We thank the Lord very much for His help, because He has given you a thought of helping us in this great need which we have had for years here at Esithathaweni.

From now on we have given ourselves to pray for you in that great work. We request your prayers. Let us pray for each other until that great day when we shall meet in heaven. We hardly have enough words to thank you for what you have done for us. We know that God is able to express our thanks to you even above our thinking. May the Lord richly bless you.

May the Lord increase His mercy and faith in you, so that when we get to heaven we might have a great joy to see our friends which have so much love of helping us. We wish to tell you that this house preaches great tidings of joy here in Africa.

We are very thankful also to our district leader, Rev. Mischke, who told us that the money came from you people across the sea, and he also came with builders to build the house.

*It is us,  
very small people in Christ.*  
(Signed) CHURCH SECRETARY

## A Request

Rev. Wesley Harmon, of Trinidad, wrote recently:

"We would appreciate it if a notice could be published asking that good Christian literature, either fiction or nonfiction, be sent to us.

"Other religious groups hound our church people every day to buy or accept their literature, and many times our people will take what is offered simply because there is nothing else to read.

"We have a good supply of *Heralds*, and other periodicals, but we need a supply of good used books with a sound Christian message."

NOTE: Do not send schoolbooks. Do not send Sunday-school quarterlies or other church periodicals—he has plenty at present. Good books on holiness, devotional books, books of Christian stories that uphold Nazarene standards would be acceptable.

May we suggest that you write Brother Harmon first, telling him what you have and asking him if he wants your books. This will save you and him money.

His address is: Rev. Wesley Harmon, Box 444, Port of Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I.

When writing him, give title of books, authors, and indicate what the contents are, so that if he is not familiar with the books he can better judge if he wants to receive them.

Mark packages "Used Printed Matter"—if you receive his approval to send them. DO NOT SEND ANY BOOKS TO HEADQUARTERS. We are not equipped to handle them and will have to return them to the sender.

## Front Cover

**A sugar cane worker in India. He works only three months in the year, but the \$100.00 which he receives for wages is enough for him to live on for the whole year if he lives in moderate circumstances. Photo by DELONG.**

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# Visiting the Kekchi Indians

By Dr. C. Warren Jones



Left to right: Alfonse Barrientos, pastor at San Juan; Guillermo Paau, dean at Bible school; William Sedat, missionary.

THE LADINOS and the Indians form the larger part of the population of Guatemala, the Ladinos being a mixture of Spanish and Indian ancestry. There are several tribes of Indians, and the Kekchi tribe is one of the larger, with a tribal population of about three hundred thousand. In most of our Nazarene churches in Guatemala we find people with some Indian blood, and in addition to our work among these Ladinos, we also have a good work among the pure-blooded Kekchis.

Rev. and Mrs. William Sedat are evangelizing this tribe. Brother Sedat is not only a minister—he is a translator and one of the best in this hemisphere. He is recognized by the American Bible Society and by the Wycliffe translators. He has put the Kekchi dialect into print and the Indians are learning to read. Only a few of them have any knowledge of Spanish. Mr. Sedat has translated a large part of the New Testament and the Bible Society is printing it, as he works to complete the translation of the entire Testament. He is also the author of the Kekchi dictionary. The government of Guatemala recognizes the value of this work and is printing the first edition of three thousand copies at its own expense.

On Sunday, January 31, Rev. William Vaughters, our superintendent, drove us to San Juan, a distance of six miles, where our largest Indian church is located. The Sedat family lives here, also.

At present the Indian Christians are enlarging their church, and doing an excellent job of it. The walls are of stone and concrete. The roof will be of corrugated iron. The auditorium, which is sixty by ninety feet in size, is being ceiled with knotty pine. The way they crowd people in they will seat nine hundred.

How are they able to build a church of this size? Your Alabaster offerings provided one thousand dollars and the people themselves are raising another thousand by weekly offerings. All the labor has been donated, so that the local church has actually assumed 75 per cent of the cost of enlargement.

At the time of our visit this group had 258 in Sunday school. I sat in a large adult class and the lesson was taught by a barefoot Indian lay Christian. I was unable to understand a word, but got blessed watching that teacher. Afterwards, I was told by Guillermo Paau that this man was a good teacher. Brother Paau is a Kekchi Indian who graduated from our Bible Training School and then attended Pasadena College for two years. Following Sunday school we had the privilege of preaching to 275 Indians. Brother Sedat was our interpreter. We gave a simple message on "The Promise of the Father" and gave the altar call through the interpreter and 17 came to the altar for holiness of heart.

Many of our Indian Christians live in the country. When they come to services, they walk, regardless of the distance. That morning nine of our people had walked ten miles for Sunday school and the morning worship service. Of course, they had to walk the same ten miles to get home. They do this, not just on special occasions, but every Sunday. In America, if some people walk ten blocks, they think they are doing the pastor a special favor.

Near the city of San Juan we have property and a Bible Training School for the Indians. This is a new project. Brother Sedat is the director of the school and teaches. Rev. Guillermo Paau is the dean. They have ten young men in the school. There appears to be a good future for this school and we feel sure it will prove an asset to our Indian work.

# NOTES *and*

# QUOTES

## *Indian Bible School Moves*

The C. Warren Jones Indian Training and Bible School is moving to a new location nine miles south of Albuquerque, New Mexico. Their new address will be: R.R. 1, Box 433A, Albuquerque, New Mexico. Already a few buildings are up at the new location. Work on the new school began several weeks ago. The faculty members have moved to the new address and everyone is busy getting the school ready for their fall opening.

This year three students graduated from the eighth grade and one from high school.

## *Witbank Reports*

Real progress has been made both spiritually and numerically around the Witbank Zone, for which we praise God. New outstations have been opened and souls have been seeking God. Recently several Amandabele people have been saved.

One Sunday morning, two came out for prayer, dressed in their full regalia—beaded and brass rings, earrings, finger rings, bracelets, anklets, etc. They asked that all these should be cut off. It was a great deal of work to remove them, for the beaded ornaments had to be sawed off with a knife, and the brass ones spread apart by two men pulling on opposite sides while the girl's mother held her arm steady. What a smile came over their faces as the last ornament fell away! Surely heaven touched them. One of these girls was the daughter of a Christian woman whose witness in her home and kraal was bearing fruit, at last. Most of all we praise God for the faithfulness of the Holy Ghost in bringing souls to Jesus.

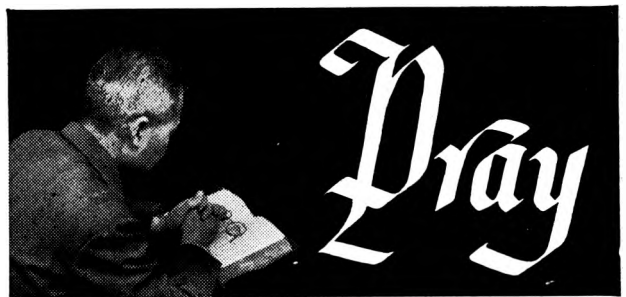
On the same Sunday that these two came for prayer, several more of the same tribe were also forward for prayer under the preaching of Evangelist J. Molote. It seems as though God is beginning a work among this neglected tribe.

Please pray especially for these new converts. Pray also for the children in the locations. This is a great but very, very needy work.

There has been a decided increase of probationers, for which we praise God.—C. H. STRICKLAND.

## *Ten Questions*

1. Where is Tuxtla Gutierrez?
2. How has the church at Esithathaweni promised to share in Alabaster work?
3. What would Wesley Harmon of Trinidad like to receive for his field? Name three kinds of literature he DOES NOT want to receive.
4. Where is the Indian Bible school going?
5. How do many Navajo Indian men wear their hair?
6. Where were many of the pilgrims from who attended the Ashadhi fair?
7. What happened to the oil drums on the plane flight over the Yungas?
8. Who said he rode in an oxcart all day in the tropical sun?
9. What did Mitsuko say when she came to Mr. Bennett?
10. What is provided for the retired missionaries at Casa Robles?



**PRAY** for Rev. and Mrs. C. G. Rudeen, missionaries in Nicaragua. Mrs. Rudeen has been very sick and Brother Rudeen faces an operation for hernia very soon, as this goes to press.

**PRAY** for the new converts among the Amandabele tribe in Africa; also for the children in the locations. (See article in opposite column.)

**PRAY** for our missionaries who have recently furloughed because of illness. Both Mrs. Armstrong and Mr. Vaughters report that their health is improved, but they still need our prayers.

**PRAY** for our Bible schools on every field. The new year will soon begin for some. For others the year is half over. Their students need our special prayer that God will ground them in the faith and the experience of holiness.



# MISSIONARY HIGH LIGHTS

TESTIMONIES

STATISTICS

REPORTS

STORIES

PICTURES

FEATURES



## *Progress Among the Kekchis*

**T**HE Indian work is going well. We finished another school semester with eight students in attendance. The building is completed and furnished.

Brother William Paau, school director, is to be with us for two months for some concerted work in translation. The translation of the New Testament is completed up to Galatians and the typing is done, too, so it is ready for printing.

We have a new format, with illustrations for the Sunday-school leaflets, which gives a better appearance. Three illustrated booklets in Kekchi have been printed for us. William goes out nearly every Sunday with the public-address equipment for evangelistic work in the neighboring towns—he has had good response and many portions in Kekchi have been sold.

Our health continues good, for which we praise the Lord.—**BETTY SEDAT, Guatemala.**

### Translating the Bible into Kekchi

*Pictures by courtesy of the American Bible Society*



Mr. Sedat collects a great deal of information to use in his work in translating the Bible into Kekchi.



Mr. Sedat tests where this Kekchi Indian makes a sound used in the Kekchi language.

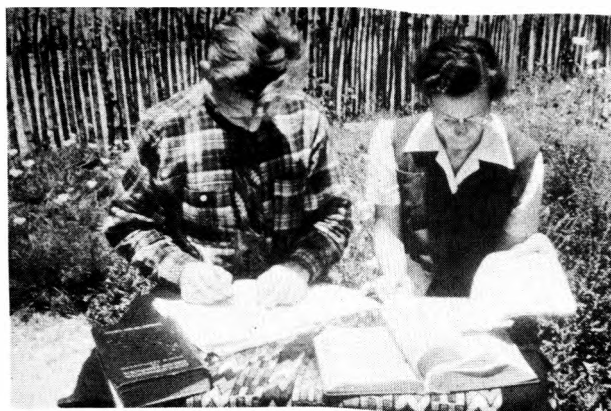


A Kekchi Indian is talking and Mr. Sedat is taking down what he says.



Mrs. Sedat, typing the manuscript of the Gospel of Mark, which Mr. Sedat has translated into the Kekchi language.





Mr. and Mrs. Sedat check over a Kekchi translation



Mr. Sedat reading the Bible in Kekchi to some young Indian boys.

## Africa Council Meeting

THE ARCHIVES of the Church of the Nazarene in Africa will bear record that the Missionary Conference this year was the greatest ever over the past thirty years. The keynote of the entire council time was contained in the devotional message on the first morning of full council when the Rev. Botha, a fellow minister from the European (Nazarene) District, told us he had asked God, on his knees, what message he should convey to the missionaries. The answer came, "Tell them to *pray more*—I am waiting to co-operate with them." This message, given in powerful simplicity, left a profound imprint on every heart.

The Thirtieth Council was really the first of its kind, where former C. of N. missionaries and former I.H.M. missionaries met as one family in council and business deliberations, discussing and studying together plans, methods, and arrangements for the continuance, upbuilding, and furtherance of the work of God in Africa.

For genuine harmony, unity, and sweet fellowship, one would go far to find its equal. The five days spent thus were very blessed and profitable to us all, and a fragrant memory still lingers.

Typical of all that took place during those blessed days of fellowship was the trend of the devotional and evening messages: prayer for revival in our day.

Brother Perkins spoke of the heavenly manifestation of Pentecost upon God's people; Rev. Kenneth Bedwell spoke on the sufficiency and unlimited possibilities of the name of Jesus for a world of desperate need; Uncle Jenkins gave us a stirring reminiscence of the two great revivals of the Church of the Nazarene in Africa. One revival came to the Endingeni Mission Station on the Sunday after Christmas in the year 1927. The power of God came down upon a returned Bible

school student and revival fires started which spread from place to place. People brought their blankets and food and remained in one place for two weeks, allowing the Holy Spirit to cleanse and fill them. "What is this?" asked one stranger. "Why can't we have this at our place?" And they began to pray and it came, and went from church to church continuing for six months.

The other revival was in Portuguese East Africa. The tidal wave of God's blessing came one Sunday morning, after a certain Mr. Sherman of Chicago, feeling the burden of prayer, left all meals and shutting himself in his room prayed all around the globe until his prayer began to focus upon P.E.A. He prayed on until the burden lifted on that Saturday evening. The revival struck Gazaland the next Sunday morning. "Oh, that God would revive us again in the midst of these years!!!" is the cry of our hearts.

Brother Hetrick took us on the mountaintop where the disciples—not unlike the missionaries—were in their element as they beheld His glory. It was a comfort to be reminded that when the clouds come down, as the clouds of disappointment, misunderstanding, money embarrassments, and often sorrow do frequently enshroud the missionary, Jesus is standing there all the time. We may not see Him but we can know that He is near. His is the unchanging Presence, and the glories beheld in the days of heaven on earth are just a foretaste of the glories of the Kingdom reign.

At the hotel where the meals were prepared was a semi-invalid who, when she discovered that these were the same missionaries whose church put on the air the "Showers of Blessing" broadcast, requested that we should sing at every meal especially for her benefit.

—REGINALD E. JONES, Transvaal

# Low Mountain Wedding

By Brian Vanciel

WHILE our evangelist was with us we had the opportunity of attending a Navajo wedding. Their custom is to gather at sundown into the new hogan built by the bride's parents as a gift to the new couple. The bride and groom are seated inside the hogan on blankets and sheepskins which are spread upon the dirt floor. As the guests arrive they are given food and seated inside the hogan.

The bride at our Low Mountain wedding wore a velvet blouse decorated with silver and turquoise and an ankle-length, fully pleated satin skirt. A colorful Navajo blanket shawl was around her shoulders.

Many of the Navajo men had long hair tied in back with wool yarn, as is their custom.

Each person at a Navajo wedding takes his turn to give advice to the young couple. The speeches are limited only by the ideas the people are able to express.

Special courtesy was extended to us as missionaries and we were asked to give our advice also. We spoke of the Christian virtues of faith, hope, and love. We told them that we wanted them to accept the Nazarene Mission as a part of their new life.

The last person to speak was our evangelist and she took about twelve minutes to preach and advise the couple of the Christian way of home-making. She told them of the importance of completing their marriage by securing a legal marriage license and warned them of the evil of divorce. She spoke of Christ's love for them and of the way they ought to honor God through their love for each other. She witnessed to the faithfulness of God to give comfort to all who put their complete trust in Him.

When she finished her talk, the people agreed that she gave the best advice and demanded to know more of her clan and her personal life history.

We praise God for the stand our Christian Navajo young people are taking as they return from school to be with their people.

The confidence of the Navajo community is being won through our Nazarene medical nursing service. The Theresa Swarth Memorial Dispensary will make it possible to offer a better program of health education and medical assistance to the Navajo people.

# A Challenge and a Hope

Photo by David Sol



FIFTEEN per cent of Mexico's population is Indian," according to Juan Comas, secretary of the Inter-American Indian Institute, with headquarters in Mexico City. Thirty-six per cent of these Indians live in the central plateau, 35 per cent live along the southern Pacific coast, and 23 per cent are found along the Gulf Coast. It has been discovered that nearly

800,000 Indians know but one tongue—their own dialect—while 1,652,500 are bilingual, that is, they speak Spanish as well as their own dialect.

According to the 1950 census, 19 of the 51 Indian tribes in Mexico are considered monolingual.

The Tzeltal Indians, which number 31,856, have been one of the most neglected tribes. Besides being very primitive, these Indians have not had the benefit of the gospel. They live in faraway mountains which are inaccessible by regular means of transportation.

However, Gonzalo Cancino, a consecrated Nazarene minister, was able to visualize the tremendous possibilities that the Tzeltal group offered for the gospel. After overcoming almost insurmountable difficulties and persecution, he started work among these people.

It was a joy to see Brother Cancino and a small Tzeltal delegation come to the District Assembly at Ixtepec last December, and to hear them testify to the glorious power of the gospel among these Indians. As many as thirty-five are full-fledged members of our church away up in the jungle of this southern state. The forementioned Secretary Comas has stated that in Mexico the "Indian question" is finding a speedy answer. In our church, we are confident that the "sin problem" is being dealt with properly through the interest, preaching, and example of Nazarene ministers like Gonzalo Cancino.

This picture shows Brother Cancino with a Christian member of the Tzeltal tribe. As dramatic as it may seem, yet it does present a challenge to all devoted Nazarenes to make possible, through prayer and effort, the salvation of precious souls such as this man.

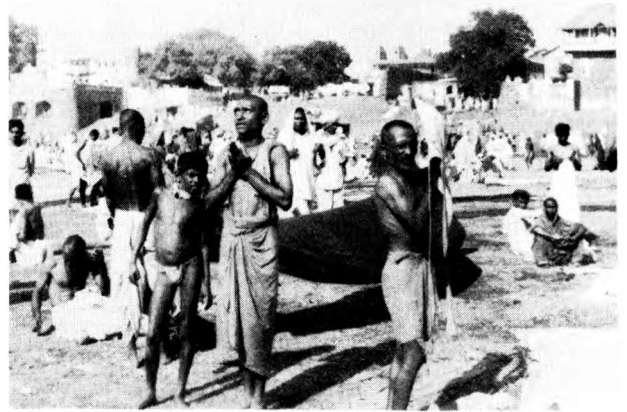


The people moving toward the town from the outlying villages.

**T**HEY CAME from north, east, south, and west; on foot, in bullock carts, by train, and by bus. They came through storm, famine, intense heat, and disease; without food, without health, without money, without needed clothing—and without Christ. Over the hills, through the desert, fording rivers, crossing the hot valleys they came for the Ashadhi fair, their celebration of worship and devotion, to give their sacrifice, and to earn merits toward their salvation.

Everywhere they came. Family groups—village groups—district groups—walking, walking; carrying their saman (belongings and food) with them. Many bore the saffron pilgrimage flag to indicate their reason for the journey. Others carried their “holy tulas plants” on their heads, to have them blessed by their gods.

There were bands of fifteen to twenty men with



Worship on the sands of the river, after they have bathed. This man was facing directly toward the sun. Buildings of the town are in the background.

Typical pilgrims. Note the man carrying his shoes, which is common. They bring bedding, and a full week's supply of grain for the whole family. The man to the right is carrying the saffron pilgrimage flag.



a part of their sacrifice. Groups of women and a few children, footsore and weary, trudged along in the growing throngs, grateful to have the privilege of traveling in the more than one-hundred-mile trek with the procession of the “devotees footprints” to the “holy city of Pandharpur.”

The dust rolled in clouds along the roads, and through the choking haze could be seen endless lines of bullock carts rumbling slowly toward their goal—each one loaded to capacity with women, children, and men.

They were coming for a ray of hope—asking for rain, asking for healing, hoping for food and the necessities of life. Behind the never-ending stream of carts was an Indian walking band with its cymbals and small drums, and the constant roar of chanting and motion that is so characteristic of these musicians.

Many of the men were wearing the new *pugrdi*, the wrap-around six-yard length of cloth used for a hat. Yellow, bright blue, purple, green, and red

# They

By Mar



# ame

, India

seemed to be the favorite colors. The women wore red, green, purple, or blue saris.

They came, not in twos and fours, but by the masses—a human stream of life, constantly flowing toward a common pool—the temple of their god of wisdom, Vithoba, and the holy river, Godavari.

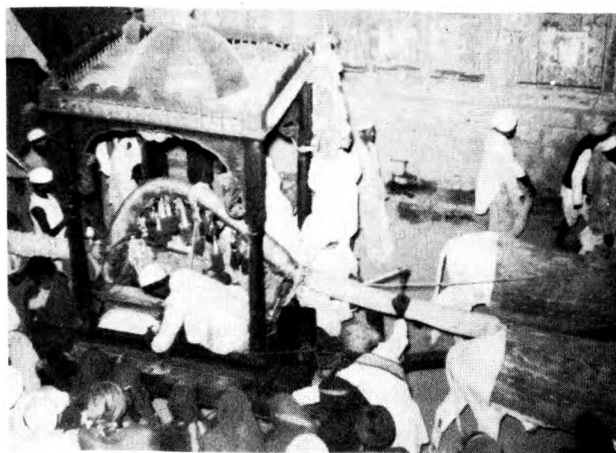
As they came to the river for the first time, they threw money into it for their offering, worshiped it, and said their prayers. Then, as morning began to peep over the bluish-black horizon, they trudged down the “walk of merit” (specially



Temples on the sands near the river's edge. People are drying their clothes on the ground, in the usual way.

designated roads) to take their holy bath. Throngs of worshipers, the sick and the well, the poor and the rich together, crowded into the water, washing their hair, bathing, praising their god, worshiping the sun, washing their clothes, and drinking the “holy water”; and finally emerging to enter their temples along the riverside, there to prostrate themselves, beating their bodies and pleading for forgiveness of their sins.

Numerous vacant lots furnished their “home away from home”; their warmth came from tiny fires kindled at night, and their bits of food were cooked on the same little earthen fireplace by day. In this small town, accommodation for over

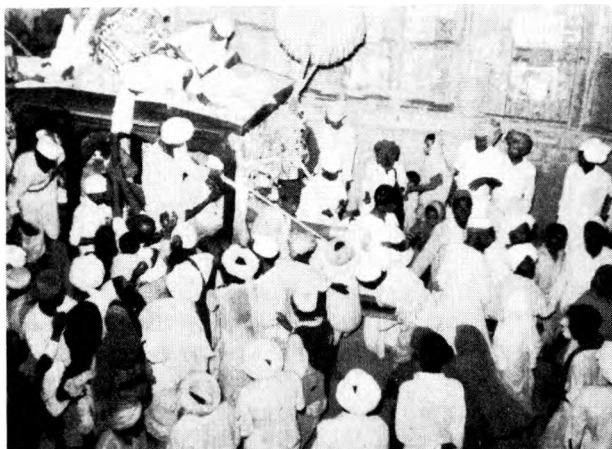


A *palki*—the cart in which they carry their god in the procession. It is supposed to contain a replica of the footprints of a devotee to the god Vithoba. Picture was taken at night. People were throwing coins and trying to touch the people who were riding in the *palki*.

250,000 seemed a small problem—river water, open fields, and their “holy god”—what more could they want?

In the midst of the village stood the ancient, darkened temple of the god. At one hour the men were allowed to enter, and the next hour the women came, hour after hour, day and night, beating themselves, giving their money to the cold, stone god. Daily the god was bathed in milk or buttermilk, which flowed down its sides and out a drain below, where it was dipped up, eaten, and rubbed on the clothes of the waiting worshipers, who hoped to receive from it a touch or taste of the cleansing power of their god. Earnestly, patiently, humbly—and sometimes not

The main *palki*, taken a few minutes later. It is being pulled by human power this time, as an act of reverence and devotion. Notice the people reaching to touch the hands and bodies of those who have accompanied the “footprints” to the festival.



so patiently or humbly as they fought for their place in the long waiting line—they came in endless streams to seek their god.

Into this very same village, to this great mass of seeking humanity, the missionaries came bringing the gospel story. With aching hearts they saw the constant stream of people searching for peace and salvation—saw their sun and river worship—heard their chanting—watched the almost frantic efforts of their river bathing and their temple petitions—saw the great idols and the offerings heaped high before them as the surging throngs pressed forward to do homage.

There were four gospel bands, with Bible women, Indian preachers, and about twelve missionaries. Wherever the message was proclaimed the people stopped to listen, sometimes three to five hundred strong, standing or sitting on the



**The home for the week. Each little group is a family gathering. This was at the evening mealtime. Saris and other clothing are drying in the breeze.**



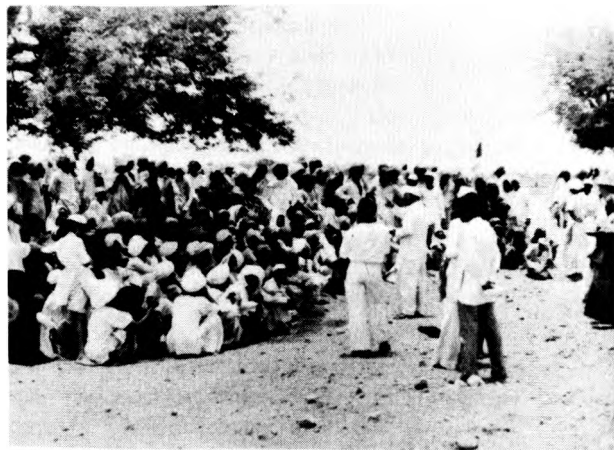
**Another palki**

ground for almost an hour to listen to the story of Jesus. After the message the Christian bands sold Gospels of Mark and John, and New Testaments. They were printed in Marathi, Urdu, Telugu, Hindi, Gujarati, and English. Hundreds of these people had never before heard of Jesus Christ. They listened as though enraptured, amazed that such a One could have been on earth. Their questions were eager. Could they know more about Him? Why had they not heard before? Could He really help them? Many bought the scripture portions even though they could not read. Often the moving scene was observed of an eager father purchasing a Gospel portion and handing it to his young son, saying, "Vats" ("Read"). And the boy would take the book and read slowly, yet with earnestness, the precious Words of Life. "Is it a good book, Son?" the anxious father would ask, and the boy would nod and answer, "Yes, take it; it is good."

Young men who had had some education came in groups and begged for more knowledge. When they had purchased copies of the scriptures they sat down on the river sands near our jeep to read and to listen again to the story of Christ, the Saviour of the world.

Every Gospel that we sold went out with a silent prayer, and then we asked, "From what village are you?" At least 80 per cent of those contacted replied, "From the Mogalai." Our hearts leaped, for our newest Nazarene mission territory in India is in this very district. Again and again the answer came, "From the Mogalai"; and again and again our hearts cried out, "God, help us, help all our Indian Christians, help the people at home, to pray, to work, to bring the story of the Saviour who came, to these hungry, lost souls of the Mogalai."

**A service held by missionaries and national workers out under the trees along the roadside. The Indian preacher is dressed in white, and can be seen exhorting the listeners.**



# Rainy Season Travel

By Earl Hunter, Bolivia

BOLIVIA has all climates. You may take your choice from the sultry jungles of Amazonia, the forested mountainsides of the Yungas, the airy high plains, or the chill glacial regions of perpetual winter. But when rainy season sets in it is wet in all climates.

Our mission is on the high plains and in the great eroded canyons which fall away on all sides. Just before Christmas (our summertime) it was necessary for me to make a trip by air into the interior of the jungle lands of Bolivia.

For five days the plane could not take off because of bad weather. When we finally made the flight it was my first time in the air in Bolivia. We took off from the airport of La Paz, 13,304 feet above sea level. I have been a pilot myself since 1940 and I certainly noticed the tremendous speeds of the take-offs and landings at this high altitude. Then I realized that we were not heading for where I wanted to go. Soon I saw why. We had to circle until we gained ceiling altitude for our conventional plane before we could head for the pass in the cordillera of the Andes which we had to cross. When we finally headed toward the towering range, it was alarming to see how it rose before us so much more rapidly than we could climb. Almost before we could realize it we were over the snow fields and glaciers. Beautiful from the air, but of all places in the world they are the most dreadful for forced landings. In a moment we had passed the peaks and were descending, gliding over jungles and swollen rivers for half an hour. Our destination was less than one thousand feet above sea level. The plane was carrying several drums of petroleum as freight, and the heads had swollen as we soared over the high mountains. Now as we descended they drew back to normal size with tremendous bangs. My eardrums suffered the same effects and it was very painful until I could get them to "bang" in miniature, too.

For a year and a half I had not experienced a low altitude. It was a great relief to let breathing become entirely involuntary again!

But, alas, the rains were still on. The only difference was that there they were warm rains. I had to make a trip up the river in a canoe and I had considerable difficulty getting a crew to brave the swollen river. At last I asked for a little canoe and let some of the people of the Amazon headwaters know that in Central America I had become somewhat of an expert with a canoe and

I would go alone! At once several wanted to go along—and they did.

When I returned home again I took the family to the Yungas, only seven thousand feet above sea level, for a three-day rest—in the rain. But here it was neither hot nor cold rain—it was just right.

As soon as we returned to our station, I had to go alone to care for an urgent matter in the church and day school at our rural work in Collpa Belen. The road follows a dry river bed in dry season, but now it was a real river. With no road, every vehicle chooses its own trail on the hillsides.

Having four-wheel traction, I got stuck only once, but traveling was so slow that, instead of arriving for the morning service as planned, I found myself far from my destination when noon passed. When I left home I had thrown a package of crackers into the car as a "survival ration," and these made up my Sunday dinner as I hurried along the muddy road.

With only about five more miles to go and only three more rivers to cross, it began to rain in torrents. Soon it turned to hail and the hail became so deep the car could hardly pull through it. I crossed the first river before it rose too much. But the next river was a raging torrent when I came to it. It had already washed away the road entrance. I waited for some time, then chose a ford and, pulling off my shoes and socks, waded across. That melted hail was the coldest substance I have ever had my feet in! It was a long way across the river and I had to go slow because of the strong current and the sharp rocks under my tender feet. Soon my feet and legs were blue and numb with the icy water, but I made it safely across.

Four miles on foot brought me to the little mud, grass-roofed church just as the people were scattering after their afternoon service. When they saw me coming up the trail they called one another back and we had a meeting of the church board. About dark they offered me tea and bread and followed it with *chunas* and rice with a fried egg. It was a simple meal, but one of those for which a missionary is sincerely thankful.

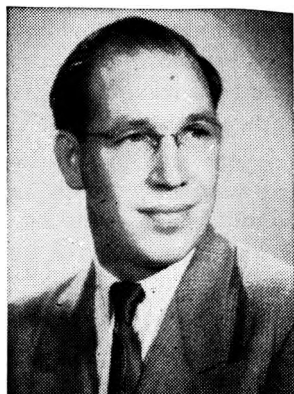
Now the rains are about over. The warm rains and the temperate rains and the cold rains all seem to delay our missionary work. Soon we shall be breathing dust as we travel, but we should be able to hold some revivals then. Would you pray for our evangelistic efforts?



*The Steigleders*  
*Transvaal, South Africa*



*Doris J. Brown*  
*Africa*



**PHILIP:** I was born in Big Cabin, Oklahoma, January 23, 1923, the last of four children. In 1930 my parents moved to Selma, California, where I began attending the Nazarene church in 1938. I was saved and sanctified in November, 1941, and the next spring felt the call to preach and enrolled in Pasadena College that fall. In April of 1943 I joined the U.S. Marines (through the draft board) and spent the next thirty-two months with this organization. While in the South Pacific Islands I saw the results of missionary work among the natives. In February of 1946, discharged from the marines, I returned to Pasadena College. During the spring term I felt God's call to foreign missionary work in Africa.

After graduating from Pasadena in 1949 I pastored at Vacaville, California. In November that same year I married Mary Lou Graham. God led me to take additional work in education at Sacramento State College, and I later taught one year in the elementary school in addition to my pastoral work. In May, 1951, Dr. Vanderpool ordained me, and I was called to the pastorate at Dorris, California. The words of the following chorus are my personal experience:

*My Lord, here am I, without questioning why.  
In the land of Thy choice let me live, let me die.  
I have heard the great call; this my only reply,  
"If Thou wilt go with me, my Lord, here am I."*

**MARY LOU:** On October 27, 1925, I was born to wonderful Christian parents in Twin Falls, Idaho. They early taught me to love the Lord. I was first saved when I was five, but did not remain true to what I knew was right, and again at thirteen I confessed my need to Christ and felt His precious cleansing blood applied. A few months later I yielded my all to Him. Each year since then has been one of precious, sweet communion with my Lord.

At ten years of age I realized that Christ wanted me to be a missionary. I decided that I would never tell anyone and thus hoped I would not have to go. But my inner knowledge that I must be a missionary

**DORIS JESSIE BROWN** was born in Manchester, England, on November 23, 1897. She was saved in her early teens and soon after entered into the experience of sanctification.

This new life demanded expression and she found it in hospital visitation, lodging house and factory meetings, and in Sunday-school work in fellowship with the Manchester Church of the International Holiness Mission, under the leadership of Dr. Harry E. Jessop.

A group of keen young Christians used to meet to pray for the needs of those in heathen lands and, as they prayed the Lord of the harvest to thrust out laborers into His harvest, He answered by calling out seven of their group for foreign missionary service in Egypt, Palestine, India, China, and Africa. Doris Brown was called to Africa and, after a period of training in the Faith Mission Bible College, Edinburgh, and a course in the London Missionary School of Medicine (later supplemented by further training in general nursing and midwifery), she sailed for Africa in November, 1926, to work under the I.H.M. board.

A short term was spent in Portuguese East Africa and then a move was made to the eastern Transvaal, where with Miss Tabitha Evans she pioneered the work at the Acornhoek station. For the past eight years she has been working among the primitive tribespeople of the northern Transvaal.

did not diminish and at eleven I publicly yielded to His will for me in this regard at a consecration service. Through the years that have followed, the call has grown in intensity.

I have been privileged to attend Pasadena College and the Samaritan Hospital School of Nursing, graduating from both in 1949. In November, 1949, I married Philip Steigleder. Our daughter, Judith Anne, was born April 18, 1952.



## YOUTH PAGE



### *I Ain't Got Weary Yet*

*By Mrs. Robert Wellmon, Nicaragua*

DEAR FRIENDS IN AMERICA:

May I come in for a few minutes to tell you what I have been doing since I've been in Nicaragua?

I'll start at the beginning. When I was given to Brother Wellmon in the summer of 1946, I wondered what would ever become of me.

But soon I was packed into a huge box with a lot of house furnishings, sealed up tight, and trundled away. Rocking and rolling over the ocean waves, we sailed to Corinto, Nicaragua, and there I was put on a train to Managua. A truck carried me to San Jorge, and it was a tremendous relief to be tumbled out onto the ground and left. My long trip was over!

I certainly was busy at my first stop in Rivas. They took me through the streets of the town and played me at meetings held in front of believers' homes. Hundreds of people came when they heard my music. Some of them didn't like the Christians because they preached Jesus Christ and His power to save. More than once the rocks whizzed by me and thudded into the crowd of worshipers. I barely escaped being hit by the rocks and mud many times, but I knew who was

taking care of the folk I work for, so I just went right on sending out my pretty music without being afraid at all—or at least, not much.

Sometimes they took me to outlying missions and we jounced along on an old rough oxcart all day in the hot tropical sun. Whew! It certainly gets hot in the tropics! And believe me, an oxcart knows nothing about springs and soft going. But it is worth all the effort just to accompany the Christians as they sing of Jesus and His love.

It isn't always rough going, of course. Many times I have been carried very gently on the shoulders of dark-skinned men to services that were held under a beautiful tropical moon and floating, feathery clouds. You should have heard the music roll out on the night air as the people and I poured out our hearts in "There's Power in the Blood!"

I always make friends with the children. They come up close and reach out little grimy hands to touch me. They search all over me looking for the source of the pretty music. I have helped many of these boys and girls learn to sing of Jesus.

I don't want to talk too long but I did want you to know that I've kept my tone and am still as busy as ever. I may not be as pretty as some of my relatives who have come out here recently but I'm still at the job. I'm too old to fold up any more—rheumatic in the joints, I guess—and I have given a couple of my parts to fix up a cousin of mine, but someone put a new piece on the front of me and varnished me up and, as the chorus says, "I have worked for the Lord for a long, long time, and I ain't got weary yet." I promise to keep on working just as long as my parts hold together.

Please pray for those who use me in this spiritually darkened land, that they may be able to win many souls to Christ.

*Sincerely, in the service of the King,  
A FOLDING ORGAN*



Oxcart in which I ride sometimes



## GENERAL PRESIDENT'S NOTES



Would you like to have a surprise party on your missionary friend? Here is how it can be done on most of our fields.

Secure strong manila envelopes and send as first-class mail gifts such as ties, handkerchiefs, a pair of hose, a slip, or any small articles like rubber bands, hair nets, bobby pins, etc.

There is no duty on first-class mail, and if sent away in time this could be a very successful surprise party—almost as exciting as if you were attending in person.

Why not have a birthday party or a Christmas shower this year on one of your missionary friends? It would bring joy and blessing to the missionary and to the missionary chapter.

LOUISE R. CHAPMAN  
General President

## REQUESTS FROM YOUR MISSIONARIES

### Italy

Just one more request: We can still use religious books and if anyone would happen to have some filmstrips (religious) or slides they would come in very handy. Visual education is very effective here, and really rivets the gospel truths on the minds of the people.

Rev. Earl Morgan  
via Miccinesi 5 B  
Florence, Italy

Books may be sent as printed matter at cheaper rates than regular parcel post. Packages must not exceed 6 lbs. 9 oz. in weight. Mark, "Printed Matter."

### South Africa

Miss Dorothy Beville, of South Africa, writes that she can use medium-weight clothing, particularly print dresses, sweaters, short jackets, skirts, and blouses for girls two to fourteen. She also says they cannot use gloves, socks, shoes, or anklets. Used clothing for the children should reach Miss Beville by November 30, as they have

an early Christmas for them. Miss Beville's address is Box 14, Bremersdorp, South Africa.

Rev. H. K. Bedwell, of South Africa, writes of an urgent need for men's used clothing: "As you know, we are in charge of the Bible school and the need for used clothing is urgent. We are in desperate need now. I felt the Lord would have me write. Suits, shirts, sweaters, and underwear (medium or extremely light weight) would be greatly appreciated."

Send parcels to Rev. H. K. Bedwell  
Box 3  
Stegi, Swaziland  
South Africa

Mark parcel, "Used Clothing."  
Weight limit, 11 lbs.

Miss Lois Drake, Endingeni Mission, Pigg's Peak, Swaziland, South Africa, writes: "Our supplies of yard goods for sewing classes are completely exhausted. We could use any amount of print materials, feed sacks (both print and plain), muslin (both bleached and unbleached)."

I have received a request from a missionary for two used cornets or trumpets. They would cost at least fifty dollars each on the field. If you have one in good condition you would contribute for use on the mission field, please write me at the N.F.M.S. Office, 2923 Troost, Kansas City, Missouri.—Mary Scott.

**Important Note:** In sending any parcel to the mission field, enclose a slip of paper giving the name and address of the sender, as often the writing on the outside is so blurred the missionary cannot make it out, and consequently is embarrassed because he cannot send a note of thanks and acknowledgment that he has received the parcel.

## MEMORY VERSES FOR SEPTEMBER (4)

### The Triumph of The Gospel Foretold

Psalms 2:8  
Isaiah 2:2  
Daniel 2:44  
Malachi 1:11

## SEPTEMBER EMPHASIS

### Relief and Retirement

September is a month of important activities including emphasis on Relief and Retirement and Memorial Roll. All of us take pleasure in contributing twenty cents a year toward pensions and medical aid for Nazarene missionaries. Last year the N.F.M.S. turned over to the Department of Foreign Missions \$10,000.00 for pensions and \$7,500.00 for medical aid, because you were faithful in paying that portion of the general dues known as Relief and Retirement. Most of the thirty-four missionaries drawing pensions receive \$45.00 a month.

### Memorial Roll

By contributing \$25.00 you may place the name of a loved one or friend on the Memorial Roll. The money is used to help support retired missionaries or give medical aid to either active or retired missionaries.

I am sure that those thus honored would be happy to know that interested friends and loved ones have contributed \$25.00 in their honor to such a worthy cause.

### New Memorial Roll Certificates

At its January meeting the General N.F.M.S. Council authorized the preparation of a new Memorial Roll Certificate. The new certificates will be available about September 1.

Don't miss the article on "Casa Robles," back cover of this issue.

## SEPTEMBER—MEMBERSHIP MONTH



Your district N.F.M.S. president and Membership secretary have been asked to organize and promote an Enlistment Campaign sometime in September if possible. Posters and tags (see picture) for "tag day" were (or will be) sent to your District N.F.M.S. Convention for distribution.

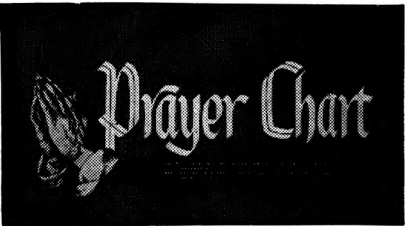
Membership tracts, however, will be sent direct to the local society upon



request. Order from N.F.M.S. office, 2923 Troost, Box 527, Kansas City 41, Missouri. The tracts are titled—

*Overlooked—and Lost*  
*I Am Glad I Joined the N.F.M.S.*  
*Why the Nazarene Foreign Mission-  
ary Society Is Important to Me*

Please indicate on your order how many of each tract you desire.



**Requests**

- Guatemala*
- 1. Revival in Coban
  - 2. Joel Buenafe, district evangelist, and evangelistic campaigns
  - 3. Native pastors
  - 4. Opening of Nazarene work in the Republic of El Salvador
  - 5. Health of Federico Guillermo, pastor at Guatemala City
- Japan*
- 1. Translators to provide more holiness literature
  - 2. Healing of some native pastors, ill with serious diseases
  - 3. For continued help in difficult language

**DISTRICT CONVENTION BRIEFS**

**Nebraska—June 1**

“Go Ye,” was the slogan of the Nebraska District N.F.M.S. Convention, held June 1 in the Hastings church. Due to the illness of our president, Mrs. George Ronnekamp, our vice-president, Mrs. George Mowry, presided.

Rev. T. P. Dunn brought a wonderful devotional message, “The Three Philosophies of Life.”

We were privileged to have as our convention speaker Dr. Remiss Rehfeldt. Our vision was enlarged and our souls enriched by his stirring messages.

God is blessing the work of the N.F.M.S. under the capable leadership of Mrs. George Ronnekamp, who was re-elected to serve as president for another year.

Mrs. J. W. LUNDY,  
Supt. of Publicity

**Akron—April 27-28**

The Twelfth Annual N.F.M.S. Convention of the Akron District was held at Akron, Ohio, First Church, April 27 and 28.

**GENERAL TREASURER'S REPORT  
OF N.F.M.S. RECEIPTS**

**May 1, 1953—April 30, 1954**

Total Dues and Offerings.....	\$664,887.14	
Total Prayer and Fasting .....	312,088.79	
Total General Budget.....	\$976,975.93	\$976,975.93
Alabaster .....	\$197,292.03	
Other Specials .....	84,471.68	
Total Specials .....	\$281,763.71	281,763.71
Total General Budget and Foreign Mission Specials .....		\$1,258,739.64
Other Receipts:		
Relief and Retirement .....	\$22,724.54	
General Expense .....	19,130.03	
	\$41,854.57	
Total Received in Kansas City for All Purposes.....		\$1,300,594.21
This does not include any district or local funds raised.		

The theme, “A Great Door and Effectual Is Opened unto Me,” was carried out very effectively in background with a large poster featuring a closed door which was opened by our convention speaker, Mrs. Louise R. Chapman. The opened door revealed plans for celebrating the fortieth anniversary of the missionary society, with a great offering to be taken on June 20 for the opening of the work in New Guinea. It was indeed a great privilege to have Mrs. Chapman in our midst.

The district under the leadership of our efficient president, Mrs. D. D. Palmer, reported gains in every phase of our work. Mrs. Palmer was re-elected by an overwhelming majority.

We were also happy to have with us Rev. and Mrs. Clifford Church, members of the Akron District, who will return soon to Portuguese East Africa.

We were delighted with the great number of men who attended, some being delegates to the convention; also our young people, who have taken such active part and have so capably carried on their work on the district.

The convention was closed with a great message by Mrs. Chapman, “A Charge for the New Year.” As our hearts were stirred, we all accepted the challenge to do “Much More in '54.”

Mrs. E. M. PARKS,  
Supt. of Publicity

**Northern California—May 11**

The Forty-ninth Annual Convention of the Northern California District N.F.M.S. was held at Beulah Park, Santa Cruz, California, May 11. The theme of the convention was “Holding

the Ropes.” Five ropes were featured to “Lifesaver” charts of Partnership, Prayer, Enthusiasm, Finance, and Conquest. The rope of “Conquest” was the district president’s report. Mrs. Anderson was re-elected by a nearly unanimous vote.

Rev. Elmer Schmelzenbach, of South Africa, was convention speaker. His inspiring messages made a deep impact. In the closing service Dr. Samuel Young challenged the district to 10 per cent giving.

Mrs. R. S. BENNETT, Reporter

**ALABASTER CORNER**

I’ve been given a heavy sack from our African brothers filled with things for all of you from all of them. I’ll just empty it now before you all. It is filled with “Thank you for the interest and the prayers. There is a heavy weight,” they say, “to tell all the grand folks overseas how glad we have been to receive their children [missionaries] and to build with alabaster boxes, tears, and knees the houses of the Lord where families are born and darkness turns to dawn. Tell the folk in America,” they say, “that we are children very weak, but strong to do His will and reach our heathen neighbor friends. For finance we are pulling perhaps one-half of our load in self-support. We are poor of money, but rich of heart. We will do our best. Keep faith in us. We will try to fully walk without squatting down to trifling talk. We will use our hands and brain in honest, holy work to help ourselves and spread salvation’s news.”



HELLO, MY JUNIOR FRIENDS:

Do you remember that I promised you in April a letter from the Merrill Bennetts in Japan? Well, instead of a letter Brother Bennett wrote a story about their little boy Philip, who is two years old.

### Philip Visits Mitsuko

The first time I visited the Church of the Nazarene at Ota (a small town about two and a half hours north of Tokyo by electric train), I arrived after Pastor Ueda had



Philip and his mother with Mitsuko

already started preaching. During the message, the sliding door back of the pulpit opened a wide crack and a little girl peeked in. I wondered who she was. This little girl came to me after the worship service, held up four fingers, and said, "Yottsui" ("I'm four"). I soon found out that this sweet, dimpled little girl was Mitsuko Chan, the pastor's daughter. She and the rest of the church people were very friendly and glad that I came, so the next Sunday I took my wife and son, Philip, back to Ota to meet Mitsuko and her people. We didn't make good train and bus connections, so we arrived late again, while the preacher was giving his sermon. He interrupted his message and said, "Since you took much trouble to come, please give your illustrated talk." So I drew a picture of the sick world, sick because the world's people are often fighting. Only instead of saying "people," I said "world's carrots," and had to correct myself. The word for people is *ningen*, and

the word for carrot is *ninjin*. Then I drew an Indian, a Chinese, an African, and an American. The next picture showed all four boys kneeling under the outstretched hand of Christ. The final picture showed the world well and happy because of the love and salvation of Jesus. Then the preacher finished his sermon. After the service, the people welcomed us warmly. They bowed low and said many polite things.

After the congregation had left, we ate in the church, which is also the Uedas' home. We each had a delicious bowl of chicken, egg, and rice, along with pickled radish, spinach, tea, *sembei* (rice crackers), and tangerines. Philip and Mitsuko played and ate at the same time. Philip would run around with a rubber ball and then come back to get more *sembei*, which he likes especially.

Pastor Ueda talked to us, telling of the great need of his area for more Christian workers. There are many, many towns and villages that have no church. There are thousands, even millions, of little boys and girls that have little or no chance to hear the stories of Jesus. Pray for these little children that they will find Jesus, so that they will no longer have to bow to ugly idols. Many sweet little boys and girls like Mitsuko will be lost unless someone brings them to Jesus.

In the picture I have drawn, Mitsuko Chan, my wife, and Philip are sitting in front of the Ota church.

Mitsuko and her parents went with us to see us get on the afternoon train. Mitsuko waved good-bye to Philip until the train took us out of sight.

\* \* \* \* \*



Little Philip Bennett's daddy is quite a fine artist, as you see by these pictures. The one with the little Japanese boy dressed in a soldier's uniform, worn many, many years ago, will be a clue to our puzzle this month. It is a verse found in Ephesians 6:11a. Work it this way: Use the first letter of each word, then take every other letter of the rest of the word.

Pqst obn tkhoe  
wihnoslce atromsofuxr  
odf Gcogd.

Answer to last month's puzzle:  
Doctors (Nazarene) in India—3  
Nurses (Nazarene) in India—6

Good-by until next month.

Always your friend,

MRS. W. D. MCGRAW, JR.

# Exchange in Bolivia

**W**E ARRIVED Saturday evening, March 27, and were welcomed by the Hunters and Arm-strongs. The first evening was spent with about fifteen missionaries of various denominations. Dr. Young was requested to speak to the group on "Current Religious Trends in the United States" and I was asked to talk about "World Conditions and the Missionary Enterprise."

This splendid group of Kingdom workers gave us a wonderful picture of missionary work in Bolivia as we asked numerous questions in the course of our conversation. From our standpoint the evening was most profitable. It was a delightful foretaste of the high exchange which would be ours to enjoy during four brief days in the heights of La Paz and the surrounding area.

This high exchange was far more than monetary. In exchange for the dollars and prayers invested by people in the homeland, and the very lifeblood of our missionary staff, we witnessed a gathering of Nazarene national preachers and teachers which thrilled our hearts. The Holy Spirit fell upon them in a fresh and invigorating outpouring. One of our missionaries said, "This is the first real breakthrough I have witnessed in Bolivia." How we thanked God for His presence! The Bolivian church is grateful for your missionaries and your backing.

What an exalted privilege to participate in these services! Could you have seen the workers under the anointing and blessing of this spiritual outpouring and have heard their declarations of a willingness to live for Christ, the transformation of your dollars into Spirit-filled witnesses would have become a vivid reality.

The first service of the Workers' Conference brought to our attention another high exchange. It was offering time and I had no bolivianos. When the plate arrived at the pulpit, the pastor of the La Paz Spanish Church expressed real surprise. A statement was made in Spanish which I learned later was about the one-dollar bill in the offering plate. The pastor had said that they would auction the U.S. dollar in the free market for bolivianos to be applied on the new pulpit, which they had recently secured for their church. The Spanish Church auditorium is located in our headquarters, which was once a German embassy building. Their furnishings were very modest and they were greatly pleased with their new pulpit.

I learned that day that through an investment of one U.S. dollar I had placed thirteen hundred Bolivian dollars in the offering. The next day we received thirty thousand bolivianos for twenty-five U.S. dollars. It is all of relative unimportance, but the exchange seemed tremendously high. This much I do know—I have never known a more genuine thrill over any investment than that one dollar given for the La Paz pulpit. I felt as though I had given wings to a dollar bill. It had been released for Kingdom interests. This is exactly what happens when your dollars are invested in missions.

In exchange for \$3,480.00 per year which the church is investing through the General Budget for the operation of thirteen day schools in Bolivia, the Nazarene mission is training 584 boys and girls; and with an annual allocation of \$1,800.00 a Bible training school has recently been opened where eight called workers are already preparing for the ministry. A visit to Bolivia soon convinces one that the exchange for our investment is very favorable.

To give you a better idea of the returns on your investment in Bolivia, here are figures on attendance at our Bolivian churches and missions on March 28.

Alto La Paz .....	159
Corocoro .....	58
Collpa Belen .....	35
Jde Machaca .....	25
Cohoni .....	25
de Agosto .....	12
Sopachache .....	31
Buenos Aires .....	156
Villa Victoria .....	65
Vilaque .....	17
Huarina .....	120
Tiquina .....	29
Iquiaca .....	25
Carabuco .....	35
Corpaputo .....	26
Total .....	818

Considering the brief history of this mission field, it is encouraging to see the progress they have made, and to sense the spirit of co-operation so greatly needed in every spiritual advance.

The exchange of our U.S. dollars for sanctified Bolivian souls is, beyond doubt, a most profitable spiritual enterprise.



## *Casa Robles*

*By Mrs. Eugenia Coats\**

CASA ROBLES, the Nazarene home for retired missionaries, is located in Temple City in a choice residential area. The attractive cottages, surrounded by live oaks and situated in a beautiful valley, make a serene and peaceful haven for those who have retired there after a busy life of services.

The location is ideal, being only six miles from Pasadena, the center of Nazarene interests in southern California, and, with the new Freeway, only about twenty minutes' drive from the metropolitan area of Los Angeles.

Transportation is provided for the regular church services in Temple City, as well as for missionary conventions, assemblies, camp meetings, and many other activities.

Naturally, a missionary planning to come to Casa Robles to live knows that he will have a simple cottage in which to live, and that it will be equipped with the necessary utilities; but when we arrived here we found that the provisions far exceeded our expectations. The cottages are beautiful—roomy, well built, nicely finished inside and out, well furnished; and along with the necessary utilities, there are automatic washers, a mangle ironer, deep freezers, and ample storage space provided in the basement of the administration building.

Other expectations have also been surpassed by the realities we found here: congenial relationships with other retired missionaries; the chance to live as normally as anywhere, with no favoritism shown; a praying group, and

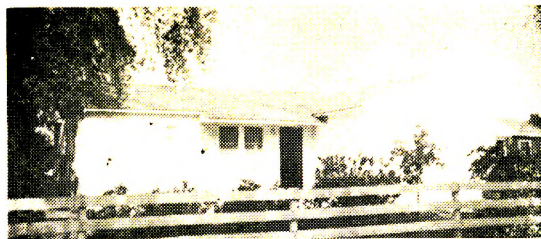
time set aside for united prayer; friendly opportunities to meet the Nazarene people of southern California. All these have been part of the thrills of Casa Robles residence. During the past year alone we have had not less than fifteen hundred visitors, ranging from general and district officers to laymen, missionaries, national workers from far and near, and many missionary groups.

We are amazed at the many unexpected privileges and blessings that are ours: to become a part of the growing, promising, even challenging church at Temple City; to help in the Mexican and colored work in neighboring cities; to speak at many local southern California churches on missions.

We are grateful for the fact that the board cares for the overhead expense; and we are delighted with the liberty granted us, which is like that we would have if we lived in our own homes; to say nothing of the many extra things done for us by the churches throughout the entire denomination—providing us with birthday cakes, Christmas boxes and gifts, Christmas parties, and many invitations to attend the local missionary society meetings.

We are already far behind and scarcely know how to catch up in saying thank you to all the people who have done so much to make Casa Robles a lovely place to live. Especially do we want to thank Dr. Glenn Julien for his medical care, and Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Sanner for sharing with the missionaries so many of their distinguished visitors, and for organizing a Casa Robles Fellowship which makes us feel that we are a vital part of the whole church program. In fact, we are treated by all as though we were princes and princesses instead of just plain missionaries.

Time and time again the missionaries have individually expressed their appreciation for a lovely home at Casa Robles and we are grateful indeed to the Church of the Nazarene and to God for this wonderful provision, which is exceeding abundant above all that we could have asked or desired.



Mrs. Ora West's cottage at Casa Robles

\*Former missionary to Guatemala.